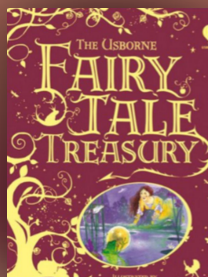




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How you would react to fairy tales if they happened to you.



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Chapter 1 by Cat4055

Before we start, that was the longest title ever and I'm sorry.

"Oh! Ew! Jeez, I was just sleeping!" I yelled as I pushed some guy away from me after he had kissed me.

"But... you are Sleeping Beauty right?" he asked, looking confused.

"Yes! But I was sleeping, I was having the best dream ever. It's in my name SLEEPING Beauty. I can't believe some people. Now get out unless you want me to call the guards."

"Um, OK then." He said, backing away towards the doorway out of my room.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"I'm going to make you feed your brother to death, cook him up, and there's nothing you can do about it!" the witch cackled. I merely stared.

"I, um. I'm an only child."

"Wait, what? No, no, no. There are no only children in fairy tales, unless you're a princess or something."

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I shrug. "Well, my mom always said I was a princess."

We exchange an awkward silence.

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"So," I offer, "Witchcraft. Decent job, or...?"

"Well, depends on the state of the economy, you know? Let me tell you, the sheer amount of student loans kind of makes it not worth it..."

Chapter 3 by Raspberry14



"Keep running" I told myself as I continued to race through the forest. I had to keep running or I would be caught. As I ran out of the forest I saw a little house. I ran over hoping someone would be home. Inside I saw what looked like 7 little men.

There were dirty dishes all over the floor, socks and clothes laying everywhere. It was so loud that I couldn't think and I was outside. One of them saw me and they all ran over,

"Come in and clean our house." screeched a grumpy looking man

"We will give you jewels!!" stated another as he sneezed

"Um, no I'm on the run and I can't stop anywhere sorry." I said as I slowly backed up and then started running away.

I did not want to live in a house with 7 men that's just weird.

Chapter 4 by XOXkitkatXOX



I ran down the stairs with the prince following me. I trip, and my glass slipper fell off.

"Stupid ass piece of shit! Stop chasing me! Let me get my shoe!"

I wasn't gonna let the glass slipper that was probably worth a lot of money that I got for free slip off my feet and have somebody steal it. It would be a waste. I stop, turn around, and pick up the shoe.

The prince ran up behind me, and I swing it at his head. He instantly drops to the floor, bleeding out his ears.

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"Well, it didn't go to waste!" I say, holding up a bloody glass shoe.

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Chapter 5 by Meghan Gray



"Would you like to meet the prince in trade of your voice?" The sea witch asked,

"WTF?! I hate romance! I'm not that dumb you know," I shouted and kicked her with my fins.

I swam away. I told dad what happened, and he arrested the sea witch.

5 years later ...

I met a merman. He's funny, and goofy. Just like I wanted. So I married him and we had a baby. Thinking back, I was lucky I didn't get to see the prince. Personally, I think princes are annoying. They just get spoiled in their stupid castle.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



"How was your sleep last night?" asked the Prince, eyeing me queerly from behind his bowl of gruel. About him, the King and Queen seemed to be holding their breath.

"Uhm. Fine?" I ventured, wondering what the hell was going on. "I mean-- to be quite honest... it was a bit strange that you had twenty featherbeds with twenty mattresses piled up to the ceiling for me to sleep on, haha. Kinda weird, really. But, yeah. I slept okay. Especially after enduring that wet and cold night I came in from." I took another mouthful of the hot gruel. "Thanks for taking me in. I do appreciate it."

"Right," the Prince threw his spoon down with a clatter. "Another imposter, Mom and Dad. She's noooooooo princess."

"What? What are you talking about?" I retorted, somewhat taken aback. "I'm a princess. Princess Leanna. In fact, I think we're distant cousins. I saw you all at the jousting tournament two years ago."

"Oh, sure! SURE! The 'jousting tournament'! Like it isn't common knowledge I'm there, like... EVERY YEAR!" said the prince petulantly, folding his arms over his chest and kicking his legs out under the table and hitting me clumsily in the shins.

"Look," I returned, trying to keep cool. "I appreciate you putting me up for the night -- the whole towering bed fetish notwithstanding -- but I think I'll be going home. I'm a bit weird now. I think I'll be going."

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"Yes, YES! You should be going! Back to wherever you belong, you country wench!"

I whipped around. "Hey! Cut that shit out! I don't know what you're up to, but you're really starting to piss me off." I took my cloak from off a hook on the wall. "Oh, and by the way... someone clogged up the toilet on the third floor. Absolutely disgusting. I was wandering around sometime about 3am, having almost broken my neck getting down off your stupid bed just to find the toilet overflowing."

"Oh, oh, I see," said the Prince jumping up. "You're lecturing me on hygiene, now are you? I didn't take a crap in there, by the way-- everyone knows that a prince's bowel movements are pure silver. And they flow like silk."

"Whatever, man." I was already headed for the door. "A bit of advice. Cut down on all the red meat-- that turd was like a freaking alligator trying to fit itself into a jar."

"Silence!!!" roared the Prince, suddenly lifting a tiny object in his hand. "I know you are no princess! For this pea... this very pea was placed beneath the bottom mattress of your bed last night! Were you a true princess... of royalty born... your sensitive princessly skin would have felt such a protuberance! You would NOT have slept so well as you did." The Prince lowered his head. "And you might... you MIGHT... have been my bride. You MIGHT have borne my children."

I took one look at the Prince, and then at his silent parents behind.

"You're fucking mental, man," I said. "Get a plumber to fix your toilet. And a food nutritionist. And maybe go out on a few dates once in awhile so you can learn to actually talk to girls. This whole... yelling thing doesn't work so well for wooing."

I disappeared through the door.

Chapter 7 by Adisoccer1223



"Run, run, as fast as you can! You can't catch me I'm the Gingerbread Man!" The little cookie cackled as he sprinted over the hills surrounding his home.

"Not so fast," you retort, as you easily pick up the little man.
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"WHHHHHH! NOOOOOO!" you scream, as you see the little man in your mouth.
Mhmm... You sigh. Delicious.

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Chapter 8 by m a r i e



"Aladdin! How dare you lie to me! Posing as a prince while you are nothing but a street-rat!"

"But ... I thought you said it didn't matter what I was princess!?"

"That was when you were a PRINCE!" I yelled.

I stormed off thinking to myself:

Why do men have to be such jack-asses? Why can't father accept that maybe there is a reason why I haven't found any MEN that I am actually attracted to? I mean come on, Jafar? Please, he is literally a snake. I can't believe he tried to make a move on me...

Ugh, here comes my father.

"Jasmine! Why didn't you marry Aladdin? I thought you liked him!"

"No, bubba, I acted like I did, to make YOU happy... I don't like him in the way that you want me to..."

"Okay Jasmine... any other suitors that you would like for me to send an invitation to?"

"None that you would approve of bubba..."

"Oh please Jazmine, I'm sure that they will be nice, young gentlemen-"

"Bubba, that's the thing, none of them are men!"

the end

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